

The COMMONWEAL

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Editors: PHILIP BURNHAM, EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.; HARRY LORIN BINSSE, Managing Editor; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Special Editor; C. G. PAULDING, Associate Editor; JOHN BRUBAKER, Advertising Manager.

The Campaign Commences

THE TWO points in connection with the Elwood speech which have roused newspaper men to longest comment are remarkably beside any serious issue. Candidate Willkie's style and delivery and pronunciation were found different from President Roosevelt's, and, by whatever objective norms that can be set up, inferior. Well, it certainly wasn't to be expected by anybody that the Republican candidate could rival the peerless elocution of President Roosevelt. Certainly Roosevelt's elocution and oratory are by no means meager contributions to American life and culture, but with no uncertainty at all, that issue does not rate high enough to deserve much influence on the final voting. Secondly, Mr. Willkie challenged the President to a series of stump debates. There seem to us to be two reasons why Mr. Willkie could be sure that his challenge would not be accepted. It would, as Democrats claim, take up a lot of the President's time which he ought better spend at his job. The President is undoubtedly obligated to campaign, but ideally he should do so in the way that will be most economical of time. Presumably the President wants to be re-elected, and he is under obligation to his party to do his best to accomplish that end by decent constitutional means. He would be crazy to accept the

battle ground of the enemy. Everyone has advertised that Willkie's greatest campaign ability lies in extemporaneous debate, in thinking quick on his feet, in intelligent retorts and verbal give and take. Some Willkie supporters, like Raymond Clapper, think that Roosevelt's superior oratorical competence would in fact overwhelm these proven abilities of Willkie, but even if that might be so, Roosevelt would follow bad strategy in contesting Willkie where he is strongest. It would be as sensible for Willkie to base his campaign on rival fireside chats over the radio. This magazine would think much more of the Democrats if they dwelt more on this second consideration than on the supposedly altruistic first one, but after all, the administration wanted to reform the Supreme Court because the Justices were too old.

The list of issues which Willkie more or less took out of the campaign at Elwood is impressive: regulation of business, anti-monopoly, collective bargaining, wages and hours laws, utility regulation, the SEC, banking control, federal pensions for old age and unemployment, farm parity by federal action, encouragement of cooperatives, rural electrification, government relief, religious and racial decency, foreign affairs. Naturally in the summary speech, these issues were only partly pulled out, but apparently far enough so that Mr. Willkie will not base his campaign on them. He said he would reverse two foreign policies of the President: the secrecy and the inflammatory speech. Then, later in his address, he restricted his expectation of open diplomacy "to the limit of practicability," and his declaration of competition with Hitler, as Michael Williams points out in his column, was a good tie for anything of Roosevelt.

Remaining in debate, however, are extremely important issues, although up to now few of them have been seriously worked over and clarified. There is the third term issue itself. Willkie was vague as to whether unemployment relief should be given by the state or federal governments, and whether it should be work relief or straight dole. What about the NLRB? Apparently Willkie believes taxes should be levied exclusively to raise money and not for "political purposes," or presumably for regulatory purposes. Willkie charges Democratic inability to develop defenses, and will be expected to demonstrate how the Republicans could do better. Willkie repeats the Republican charge that the New Deal hampers business enterprise by unfriendly talk and useless harassment, and that it divides class against class. Willkie repudiates spending for recovery and declares that American private enterprise can find within itself the stimulation for new investment, greater production and adequate reemployment.

The world yearns to discover where and what that stimulation can be. The New Deal certainly failed to find it. Spending was not a freely chosen alternative, but a desperate measure to preserve

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men and social order taken in frustration. War looms as an even more desperate possibility just ahead. Without a rapidly growing population, without an internal geographic frontier or an easy foreign colonial frontier, and with an accomplished industrial revolution, where will we find the horizon which Willkie confidently but vaguely asserts to rise over "a new and bigger world"? Mr. Willkie realizes that the search will require ascetic qualities in the American people: "If I am chosen . . . I shall lead you down the road of sacrifice and of service to your country." It is good to be prepared and trained for the journey. Let us hope that between them the two unusually qualified principals in this campaign will lead a really serious search for the signposts pointing the way.

American Press and the War

AS THE Battle of Britain proceeds, it seems to us, the New York papers and perhaps to a

Are We generally becomes increasingly unsatisfactory. There are difficulties Getting facts? of course which are unavoidable.

There is British censorship on the reports of the defenders; Italy and Germany control whatever news dispatches emanate from the European continent. Thanks to the radio it is no longer possible to blot out the German side of the story as was done in 1914 by cutting the cable. It is too often the practice, however, to present the nazi dispatches as claims of the official DNB agency, the London releases as straight news stories. We have no intention of quarreling with the sympathies of the American press. In squarely opposing the spread of Hitlerism in the world and the death which the nazi system brings to human rights and liberties, it accurately reflects the proper feelings of the great bulk of the American people. The question is whether this relieves the press from its duty of sifting pure propaganda from real news—the headlines on the British pulverization of Hamburg are a case in point. Is the New York *Times* obligated to keep up British morale? News is being heavily weighted by opening feature columns to generals and admirals who advocate steps to open warfare. Editorials support them and news stories play up the latest thoughts on how to wage that warfare. To make the identity with English propaganda sheets complete, the papers continue to insist, in the face of almost universal expert opinion to the contrary, that England is already actually winning. No matter how vital a foreign cause is to the American people, it hardly seems that the press is serving it by distorting the facts in the case. Hollow optimism has proved no aid to the allied cause. Decisions in a democracy must be taken on the basis of the facts and it is up to the press to give them to us.

The Klund

CAMP NORDLAND is a very pretty and attractive piece of New Jersey countryside. It has been occupied for some years by members of the German American Bund, seeking country air and, presumably, their own kind of intellectual nourishment. A few days

ago the Bund inhabitants of the camp held a reception for a number of Jersey dignitaries of the Ku Klux Klan—though some of the papers asserted that the guests paid a fee for their entertainment, which is a strange way to run a reception. Judging by the speeches, however, a reception it was, with the press invited, and with a Bund guard of honor for the hooded visitors. Perhaps it is a case of misery seeking company. Said Mr. Klaproth of the Bund: "You of the Klan, like the Bund, have been persecuted by the radio, the international press and the Kosher film industry." Vocally present also was Edward J. Smythe of the Protestant War Veterans Association, a gentleman known for his rabid anti-Semitism and associated with people equally anti-Catholic. An untoward incident marred the Camp Nordlund proceedings, the forcible expulsion of six Bundsmen who tried to solicit contributions for the Fritz Kuhn appeal fund. Three of these six had interesting names to be found among a group welcoming the Klan. These names, of a fine Germanic flavor, were Kane, Malone, Conley. Some months back *Wisdom* quoted *The Hour* to the effect that Joseph E. McWilliams—Christian Mobilizer extraordinary—had been elected to the National Supreme Council of the KKK. So perhaps it is more than misery seeking company. Perhaps the various fascists of America are beginning to act on the notion that in union there is strength.

Industrial Areas Foundation, Inc.

A FEATURE STORY in the New York *Herald-Tribune* reports things from Chicago calculated to stir anyone's lethargy.

Chicago Bishop Sheil, the indefatigable, has Dynamo been at work on a new project which is reported to have "amazed

sociologists, criminologists and other experts." The idea is simple. Basically it is the same idea as that which created the settlement house. "Only the combined efforts of all its elements can solve a community's problems." The community to which the notion was first applied is that in Chicago known as "back of the yards"—a desperately poor district populated by a racial hodge-podge and directly dependent upon the stockyards. Last summer this section was "seething with bitterness and violence over a threatened strike" and "split along racial and national lines."

About a year ago a young man named Saul D. Alinsky secured the endorsement of Bishop Sheil

and the CIO—chiefly the Packinghouse Workers Organizing Committee—for a Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council. The idea was to unite in a single body all the varied groups—religious, economic, national—and to convince everyone involved that the community had a vital common interest in the neighborhood's economic welfare and in solving its social problems. Bishop Sheil was chairman; the chairman of the PWOC was an officer. Priests, ministers, business men, AFL representatives, the local police captain all participated. The results reported almost pass belief. An infant welfare station was set up. A huge all-community recreation center is being built. Whenever juvenile delinquency is found to arise from parental unemployment, a job is obtained for the parent. Alleys and vacant lots have been cleaned up and planted with flowers and trees. A housing project is being planned. A neighborhood weekly newspaper, *The Back of the Yards Journal*, now has a circulation of 20,000.

Here is a sample project: "One of the most interesting experiments was the distribution of \$50 each to a dozen various block gangs of youths. The gangs generally . . . had headquarters in pool-rooms or saloons. The first reaction of some of the boys was 'Fifty bucks! We can have a swell beer party on that!' The second, however, was to hang onto the money and see what some of the other clubs were going to do. Inevitably, it occurred to some of the boys that if they pooled their resources they could make their money much more effective. They finally organized an inter-club committee and began vying to plan worthwhile projects. . . . The boys probably have not realized it yet, but the responsibility of spending \$50 has done more to break up the poolroom and block gangs and direct youthful energy in useful directions than a thousand police or truant officers could have done."

On the principle that what will work in one place will also work in another, a national sponsoring organization has now been set up, Industrial Areas Foundation, Inc. Kansas City and St. Paul are going to try the scheme. Such people as Stuyvesant Peabody and Marshall Field of Chicago, Kathryn Lewis, daughter of John L., G. Howland Shaw of the State Department and Judge Theodore Rosen of Philadelphia are on the national board. As cheering a piece of news as has appeared in many hot and heartrending weeks.

Mexican Hotbed

ON SEPTEMBER 1, the Mexican federal Congress is supposed to meet and announce the outcome of the presidential elections. There have already been two conflicting announcements, and two contesting congresses began to organize well in advance of the legal opening day. Neither Camacho, the candidate of the old established Mexican Revolutionary

Scrambled Politics

Party and of the old established labor union federation and of President Cardenas, nor Almazan, leader of the opposition, has given the slightest hint that he will accept defeat without a test in civil disturbance. Apparently the Mexican government is gradually outlawing Almazan's followers and jailing the most important of them or forcing them out of the country. When last heard from, Almazan himself was in Panama, and a US ship was stopped by a Mexican patrol because, it is charged by the Almazanistas, the government suspected that Almazan was returning to Mexico in it. It is undoubtedly true that Mexican politics are less solidly organized than they have been in fourteen years. The Revolutionary party is split and the labor movement is split. Almazan, more conservative than Camacho, has developed more power and a more popular following than any opponent of the "ins" for a long time. If he and his followers are placed in the position of outlaws by the government, or if they take revolutionary initiative, civil war appears certain. Observers justly fear a tragedy like that of Spain, but the few years since the Spanish war have clarified some of the issues at least. The Communist Party is distinct and separate from the PRM of Cardenas and Camacho, the latter of whom has carried on a relatively conservative campaign. The Nazis are distinct from the Almazanistas, and are known to help out the communists in Mexico. The Stalinists are known to be trying to develop independent revolutionary power of their own, outside the established governmental and labor institutions as well as inside. Although Almazan is believed to be more friendly to the interests of the Church than the others, the trend of his opponents' policy has been in the same direction, and Camacho himself has been definitely benevolent when contrasted to recent powerful PRM politicians. The election was certainly not carried on "legally" as US citizens would recognize that term. As a correspondent of the London *Tablet* writes: "There has been a great deal of rioting and machine-gunning, and the general expectancy seems to be that General Almazan will prevail; partly because his machine-gunners seem to have been the most successful on polling day. . . ." Without the development of civil war and an unreal "ideological" cleavage, the judgment of the *Tablet* is very likely sound: "Whichever of the candidates proves to have prevailed, the position of the Church is likely to be better than it has been for many years past; and the improvement will be the greater if Almazan wins." But with civil war, all expectations may be destroyed. The US has enormous responsibilities. It is almost inconceivable that our government would permit Mexico to be torn to pieces during this period of world warfare. And of Americans, Catholic citizens have the greatest responsibilities in keeping the issues free from dishonesty, partisanship and all varieties of imperialism.

Into the Darkness *

A Queen dies under
portentous circumstances.

By Theodore Maynard

AT THE END of 1602 the Queen's coronation ring had to be filed from her finger, so embedded was it now in the flesh. The superstitious mind of the sceptic must have regarded it as a bad omen.

It had long been apparent that Elizabeth was drawing near her end. The wonder to all was that she had lasted so long with such poor health. Almost every year she had been expected to die; yet she had reached what was for those days a great age. But now even her superb vitality, her fierce holding off of death, could do no more. She was very weary. She no longer gave much attention to state affairs. Instead, she retired, as the old do, into things loved in youth, and spent hours over the "Canterbury Tales." Raleigh found the phrase for her: she was "a lady whom time had surprised." Often she was heard to mutter "*Mortua, non sepulta! mortua, non sepulta!*"

She had never really been herself since the execution of Essex. Her last two years were lived in mourning for him. And her resentment was quickly aroused, never to be appeased, against anyone who had had any share in his death. Thus Barlow, who had preached the official sermon in St. Paul's justifying the execution—a sermon seen beforehand and approved by Elizabeth herself—was not admitted again into her presence. The Prebendary was used as a whipping boy.

There were whole days when the Queen sat silent and, in her melancholy, refused to eat. Her familiars preferred such days to the ones when she gave way to violent and capricious rages. Sir John Harington, her godson, tells how she kept a sword always by her, and how she relieved herself in her fits of fury by thrusting it into the arras. Then she would retire to a darkened room and give herself up to hysterical tears.

But Harington was one of her favorites, a man who brought back memories of happier years. So though she would sometimes send him away, she would now and then consent to see him. He did his best to cheer her up with his stories and epigrams, but as he told his wife, he "found her in most pitiable state." Her memory appeared to be failing, he noticed. She once asked him whether he had ever seen Tyrone, completely

forgetting all he had previously related. As for his clever rimes, they now brought only a wan smile and the remark, "When thou dost feel creeping time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less. I am past relish for such matters." It was all very depressing to the kind-hearted and vivacious poet. To Henry IV Elizabeth wrote a month before her death, "All the fabric of my reign, little by little, is beginning to fail." She was full of a vague, remorseless sense of failure. Her councillors, she guessed, were ignoring her and working behind her back.

Nevertheless she had too much vitality to relapse into consistent gloom. Her low spirits and her bad temper would suddenly pass, and those around her would be astonished at the change. She then refused to accept her invalidism and would insist on doing things quite beyond her strength. She would put her bony frame upon a horse and ride out to see the hunt. And even in her last years she went on her annual "progress." By way of consoling herself she would acidly remark that her new statesmen were not the equal of their predecessors. She would not admit that it was she who was failing.

Dancing before an ambassador

We hear of her dancing before the Scottish Ambassador—who was permitted to peep from behind a screen—on July 1, 1602. But that was intended to impress him; he could pass the news back to King James, as a way of letting him know that she was not yet ready for the grave. It was perhaps less impressive than she supposed. The dances in vogue called for little more than the ability to walk. He saw an old woman in a wig and with a few black fangs in otherwise toothless gums tottering around a room. Still, it was remarkable that she was able to dance at all.

Her humor sometimes flared up. It had often been of a somewhat spiteful sort, as when she had objected in Essex's time, to the diminutive Lady Mary Howard's grand dress. To humiliate her the Queen had put it on herself and then demanded of her ladies how they liked it. When even Lady Mary had to admit that it was too short, Elizabeth had snapped, "Then if it becomes not me, as being too short, I am minded that it shall not become thee, as being too fine;

* From "Queen Elizabeth," about to be published by Bruce, Milwaukee.

so it fitteth neither well." The dress was therefore put with the other three thousand in Her Majesty's wardrobes. They were all soon to be cut up by Anne of Denmark's scissors to provide costumes for a court masque.

But more often Elizabeth's humor was merely broad, vigorous and indelicate. She loved to play practical jokes, as she loved to bestow nicknames. When she wrote to Lord Mountjoy on December 3, 1600, addressing him as "Mistress Kitchen-maid," he was expected to take it as a sign of the royal favor. Her rough boisterousness was a relaxation from her tangled emotions and the tortuous subtlety of her political maneuvering.

Under all the now rather forced gayety there was an immense loneliness. Since Katherine Ashleigh had died, early in her reign, she had perhaps never had a real friend—certainly no woman friend. There were men who flattered her, men who admired her, men who conspired against her. Was there among them all one who had loved her? Of course they had, most of them, protested love—but they had protested it too extravagantly to be convincing. She had nursed Leicester when he was ill, and the dying Burghley she had fed, in his weakness, with her own hands. But Leicester was merely a cynical adventurer out to get what he could of the Queen; and old Cecil, though she was grateful to him, was as cold and cautious as herself. There could have been no more than an intellectual friendship between them, one without tenderness. She had loved Admiral Seymour perhaps, and it cannot be doubted that she had loved in turn Leicester and Alençon and Essex. But they had not returned her love; and Alençon and Essex had said of her contemptuous and devastating things. Even from her father and mother she had received no affection. And now she was dying, with the sycophantic courtiers waiting with ill-concealed impatience for her death.

Nor had she found, as many a lonely heart does, a friend in God. His name had been useful for oratorical purposes or for the garnishing of her oaths; that was all, or very nearly all. Her mind was thoroughly secular. Though there were moments when she feared God—as the moving cry for mercy in her book of prayers shows—it was never with a fear so steadfast as to keep her faithful to any principles. She had guided herself by the Machiavellian maxims. Her spasms of religiosity came only when she felt low spirited or when the Shadow fell upon her. In her was nothing of the new Protestant spirituality that was so different from the negative fanaticism of the early years of her reign. John Donne was already wrestling with God. Hooker had produced his famous book. Lawrence Andrewes was shining, and Jeremy Taylor was to shine before long. In a more commonplace way the diary of

the much-married Lady Hoby lets us see that, busy as she was among her preserves and her distilling and her famous housekeeping, even the rich sometimes turned their thoughts to heaven. But in Elizabeth there was hardly a trace of religious sentiment. In desolate isolation she traveled her road to the end, shuddering at death now marching to meet her. Except for a pagan stoicism she had no armor against it.

In writing these words I know that no human soul can do more than pass a tentative judgment on another. The facts of Elizabeth's life, however, seem to admit only one conclusion. A good death, such as that of the rake Charles II, reveals a lifetime of secret hunger for God; and many men and women show what they are only in their last hours. The deathbed of Elizabeth is one of the most dreadful in history.

Those who saw her dying had little thought for anything except the succession. It had been shelved time after time by Elizabeth; now it had to be settled. There were, indeed, many claimants, though most of them had no chance, so the field narrowed down to Lady Arbella (or Arabella) Stuart, the Infanta, James of Scotland, and Lord Beauchamp, the son of Hertford and Lady Catherine Grey. This last candidature was the best under statutory law, which was why Elizabeth had taken pains to see that some doubt should be cast upon the legitimacy of Beauchamp's birth. When his name was mentioned to the dying Queen, she roused herself to snarl, "I will have no rascal's son in my seat!"

But the enquiry was a mere matter of form. Sir Robert Cecil and Bishop Bancroft had already decided that James was to be the next King. He had also the support of the Catholics as a whole, for they had deluded themselves into thinking that from him they would obtain toleration. Such a belief was useful in keeping the Infanta out. James had, of course, given what amounted to "campaign promises" to Catholic, Anglican, and Puritan alike.

Cecil had devised another means of dishing her. She had been told that if she became Queen of England she would have to surrender the Belgian provinces to Philip, and the Secretary was well aware that she would never renounce a certainty for a possibility, something that in any event she would have to fight for. A subtle smile must have flickered over the pale, gentle face of the hunchback when he thought of this brilliant stroke of policy.

Even Arabella Stuart, though she had the advantage of English birth, could be considered out of the running. The English Jesuits had assured the King of Spain that she was secretly a Catholic, but she was too prudent to avow herself one. Cecil had found it convenient to keep her in play; he had never had the slightest intention of letting

her ascend the throne. She was so eccentric as to be considered insane by many people. She had now served her purpose of keeping James upon what the English government considered his good behavior.

James had played his difficult hand well, even to the extent of making no serious fuss about his mother's execution. For some time past he had been receiving clandestine letters from Cecil, which had been sent, for safety, through Mountjoy by way of Ireland. Cecil's habit of going behind Elizabeth's back is damagingly apparent in one of his covering letters to Mountjoy: "If, therefore, you will, for accidents unlooked for, return this letter, I will thank you; your warrants for that which you must do, or can do, remaining under your own hand." He did not even trust Mountjoy to burn the letter. The Lord-deputy was to show publicly the formal instructions from the Queen—acting upon them at his discretion—meanwhile keeping secret the private instructions of a very different character he had received from the Secretary of State. Of course Cecil most solemnly denied that he was having any sort of communication with James—an asseveration Elizabeth was too shrewd to believe.

The accession of James was therefore a foregone conclusion. The Queen's last illness was just long enough to enable Cecil to put the finishing touches to his scheme. Eight large ships of the royal navy, each with five hundred men on board, lay in the river. The city of London had been made sure of. In the North, Sir Robert's elder brother, the second Lord Burghley, was in command, holding the door open for the Scots King. And any prominent Catholics known to be of the Spanish Party had been put into precautionary confinement. Even the proclamation that James was to issue had already been drawn up and sent to Scotland for his approval. Cecil, like the King elect, was waiting for Elizabeth to die.

One thing alone was lacking—a nomination from the Queen. She had always refused to give it, but they hoped that at the last minute it could be dragged out of her. Though Cecil was prepared to act without it, he wanted to be able to say afterwards that Elizabeth had accepted James as her successor. Now that she was dying and, being speechless, was incapable of contradicting him, he interpreted the sign she made in answer to his question in the sense he wished. It was given out that there had been a gesture of assent.

Perhaps she did make one, but it did not matter a great deal either way. The dying woman knew that the battle was over, and she had always been, after her own strange fashion, a realist. James was going to succeed her; that much she knew to be beyond her power to prevent. All this asking for her nomination was merely a piece of play acting. As it had to be gone through, she might

as well take her part in it. But every time before when the question had been brought up she had said, "The name of a successor is like the tolling of my own death-bell." Whatever confirmation was given was withheld until the last possible moment.

All that remains to be told is the horror of Elizabeth's end.

In January, 1603, she had a cold, but was moved on the last day of the month, a wild wet day, from Westminster to Richmond. There she stayed, growing weaker and more depressed, until in March she collapsed. Yet she refused to see a doctor, but sat huddled in a low chair. When at last she stood up, she found she could not walk, and so was rooted for hours in the middle of the floor—it is said for fifteen hours. When she dropped from exhaustion, she would not permit her attendants to carry her to bed, but stayed where she was, propped up on pillows, silent, staring fixedly, her finger in her mouth.

Lady Scrope, a relative as well as a maid of honor, tried to persuade her to go to bed, only to get the fierce answer, "I saw one night my own body, exceedingly lean and fearful, in a light of fire." Then clutching at hope, she asked wildly, "Do you see sights in the night?" When Howard, the Lord Admiral, tried to see what he could do, he was told, "If you were in the habit of seeing such things in your bed as I do in mine, you would not persuade me to go there." He persisted and she moaned, "My lord, I am tied with a chain of fire about my neck. I am tied, I am tied, and the case is altered with me!"

People around her were whispering that she was demented, and her illness has sometimes been diagnosed as the general paralysis of the insane which is usually due to syphilis. She taught the whispered words and said to the Secretary, "Cecil, I know I am not mad. You must not think to make Queen Jane of me." It was an allusion to the mother of Charles V.

Some of the contemporary accounts say that she lay on the floor for fourteen days and nights; others say only four. In either case it was long enough. But at last she yielded and they got her to bed. I do not think we see her an insane woman but a lost soul.

Despair held her fast. When Archbishop Whitgift, her "little black husband," came to bring her the consolations of religion, she sent him packing. All that was too late for her now. Nevertheless she eventually let him come and pray by her bedside. He was over seventy, as old as she was, and he could not long endure the kneeling posture. After half an hour of this he wanted to stop; she would not permit it. He had to continue praying—another half hour, and another again—his voice growing louder and louder every minute, proclaiming his physical pain, until

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she fell asleep. The next morning—it was that of March 24—she was found dead.

A Catholic tradition has it that in these last hours Elizabeth called for a priest, but the story rests on no sound historical basis. All that we can say is that she may have asked for one—but if so, it was impossible for her councillors to grant such a request. It would account for her absolute

and overwhelming despair; in so far as any religious feeling lingered in that heart of icy stone it was for the ancient faith of England, the faith she had spent forty-five years in trying to extirpate. Wild-eyed, desperate and afraid she went out into the darkness. The mask she wore in all her portraits was now dropped. Her true self appears only in the death mask.

House Is a House Is a House

Man needs food, clothing and shelter
and the hardest of these is shelter.

By Harry Lorin Binsse

THE EDITOR of one of America's leading architectural magazines recently quoted the gibe of a friend of his: "Housing has become a form of oratory." Another wise and learned friend of mine said that there are two subjects which induce in him a profound desire to take a quiet little nap whenever they come up for discussion, and of the two the more soporific is housing. There is no doubt but what the subject inspires many people—even "social-minded" people—with acute indifference. Yet the fact remains that most Americans—even those economically more fortunate than their neighbors—are ill-housed, and presumably would prefer not to be. It would perhaps be no exaggeration to say that in no department of living have we been less efficient than in the essential of providing ourselves with adequate shelter. It would be easy to quote the results of government and private surveys to substantiate this, but to do so would merely clutter this article up with statistics and keep it from getting to the point. Any reader who wants proof of the seriousness of America's housing problem can get it very easily by a visit to any public library.

And this is not a new subject. The problem has been exercising people for a very long time—hence, doubtless, its degeneration into oratory and tedium. Why, after all these years of thought and the millions spent and the pamphlets printed have we not got the business pretty well by the tail? People need houses and people want houses. Philanthropists and government and sociologists and architects have tried to supply the want these many years. America is still ill-housed.

Granting that all this is true and that long study has been given the problem, I think that the solution is fairly simple. I think that the trouble has been too much time spent on analyzing the nature of the problem and the need from an abstract, sociological point of view and too little

time spent on considering the nature of houses themselves. It remains true that the way to do a thing is to do it. Very few housing experts have really buckled down and tried, with their minds freed of predispositions and fixed ideas, to build a house which shall at once be within the pocket-book of the ill-housed family and also come up to the standards of comfort, health and convenience upon which most Americans today insist, even if they have never experienced them.

I have suggested that the first necessity is freeing one's mind of predispositions and fixed ideas. I suggest it because I am firmly convinced that it is *mental obstacles* which have principally stood in the way of any fundamental solution of this soporific problem. How far do you suppose the automobile industry would have progressed if cars were still made with patent leather dashboards, each adorned with a whip socket, so that the customers would think they were riding in buggies and not be put off by the strange appearance of the new vehicles? Or if car bodies were made out of fine wood, varnished like a concert grand piano, and custom built for every purchaser?

Yet when you hear a person of modest means say that he would like to build a "Cape Cod cottage" or a "Virginia farm house" or when you see advertisements for new "Colonial style" houses in a suburban development, you are witnessing precisely such a phenomenon. Every "style" of house in existence with the one exception of the "international" style (LeCorbusier-Lescaze *et al*) of which more presently, was devised when the shelter requirements of men were as different from those of today as is a buggy from a contemporary automobile. Yet we insist on building our buggy houses and shoe-horning into them sixty-horsepower modern comforts. Not only do we insist upon it, but most lending institutions won't risk their money on anything else, most architects

tremble at the thought of designing anything else and most builders get fever chills from even a cursory examination of the plans for anything else.

Let it be said at once that the housing this article is concerned with is *optimum* (as our scientific friends would call it) housing: individual, one-family dwellings with as much "yard" around them as possible, intended for occupant ownership. In very many cases this *optimum* is sadly impossible of attainment. Then apartment buildings become an unfortunate necessity, and here Americans have done a better job, perhaps because the idea of multiple dwellings depends upon no historic precedents and hence the apartment house was able to develop organically into something more closely approaching a rational solution. The only trouble with it is that it is a bad solution from the outset, working against homeownership and, in a sense, against the nature of man.

Great grandfather builds a house

What, you may ask, is so different about building a house a hundred years ago and building a house today? Most of us—including the experts—never really come to grips with that question. Here are a few of the obvious differences. In 1840 any running water in a house was a super-luxury or a crazy newfangled notion. Today the minimum for a new house is a fully-equipped bathroom and kitchen; in some regions the FHA also requires a separate lavatory. In 1840 heat was supplied entirely by stoves and fireplaces; a "heating system" would have seemed a crazy dream, and in winter in the colder regions one expected to find morning ice on the top of the water ewer in his bedroom. Today a new house not only must have a heating system which is capable of keeping the temperature everywhere an effete 70 or 75, but that system must be such that the householder need do a minimum of physical work—or none at all. In 1840 a few city swells in a few cities could illuminate their parlors with gas. Plain people used lamps or candles or an open fire, *à la* Abe Lincoln. Today even closets have lights, and every room must have plenty of handy electric outlets, not only for illumination, but for the thousand and one gadgets which have come to be thought necessities.

All this is very obvious, if you like, but even this does not end the catalogue of differences. Modern transportation has freed builders from the necessity of limiting themselves largely to local materials. Mass production in metal has made generally available a host of conveniences which formerly would have been within the means only of the very wealthy. But leaving aside such differences, which lie more in the field of taste, the modern "necessities" constitute a change fully as great as that between a smart trap and a four-

door sedan. Even the simplest house contains a web of heating, plumbing and gas pipes and electric conduits, not to mention the machines and devices they nourish, which today constitute one of the most important elements in the building of a house. In a low cost house (I arbitrarily assume a cost of \$4,000 as being the top limit of "lowness") all these mechanical elements can amount to as much as half the total cost. Putting that another way about, it costs relatively twice as much to get the same amount of house today—with modern comforts—as in 1840 without any comforts except the chimney and a few stoves. In 1840 a family of very moderate means could afford a fairly substantial house. Today an equivalently prosperous family may not be able to afford a house at all. For—and this is the nub of the argument—in spite of new materials and techniques, the general run of house plans and specifications today call for all the elements of the 1840 house and adds thereto the mechanical conveniences of 1940.

Modernists may arise at this point and ask whether I have forgotten their efforts and their "international" style. I have not, but I consider it in itself no solution of the problem. It is in fact a rich man's style, almost a perverted style, whereby the hand-made is dressed up to look as if it were made by machine—a queer inversion of the nineteenth century reverse folly of having the machine-made look like the hand-made. Of course there are exceptions, but they are few. And this article is not being written for those who can afford to build anything they like, containing all the gadgets and comforts their hearts may desire.

A family sets to work

How solve the problem? It is easy enough to talk about such things in the abstract and generally. One's analysis and solution may be absolutely correct, but no one will be convinced.

Three years ago an American family specially well equipped to solve the problem found itself faced with the necessity of building a home for the eldest son, who was planning to get married. The father was an architect of more than average intelligence and experience and his sons were all trained craftsmen. They sought a solution with two common-sense principles in mind. The first was to eliminate every feature in the structure of the house which the use of proved modern materials—proved in industrial if not in residential experience—made it safe to eliminate. Not a penny was to be spent which did not need to be spent. The second principle was that no material or method of construction would be used which did not imply low maintenance. For maintenance is a recurring item of expense which most householders forget and which has never received the attention it deserves. Cutting maintenance to the

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minimum means that you can spend more for your original building, and still be better off in the long run.

On these principles plans were drawn up. How did it work out? Here are a few samples.

At the outset wood was discarded as a main structural material; it is the most expensive of all to keep in good repair, and has very little to recommend it that cannot be found, combined with additional advantages, in such a modern material as cinder block. And cinder block is very cheap. Eventually a masonry wall was worked out consisting of an eight-inch cinder block, waterproofed, an air space and an exterior wall of brick, one brick thick. This guaranteed more than sufficient insulation, was easy to build, and would suffer undamaged any vicissitude short of a *blitzkrieg*.

Some questions

Being masonry, how high could the walls be built without adding too much to cost, through the necessity of erecting scaffolding? It was found that about ten feet is the maximum, so the main walls were limited to that height, with a steeply pitched roof providing space for a second floor of bedrooms.

Why have a cellar? In the old days it was needed to keep wooden floors from rotting and to keep the house dry. Today, using concrete floors, why go to all the expense of digging a big hole in the ground and building walls to surround that hole—and such a hole is a very real item of expense. There seems to be no logic to it, especially with modern furnaces burning oil or gas or coal in cleanly fashion. Then, too, putting the heating unit on the first floor eliminated a lot of piping, and thus saved quite a bit more money. So away with the cellar.

How about the shape of the house? An elementary observation will show that a square encloses the maximum of space with the minimum of perimeter, which means the minimum of wall, and wall costs money. So it was logical to plan a square house.

And plastering. If the inside wall surface is cinder block, is there any need for plaster? The block can be painted almost any color you like, and it has itself a pleasant texture. Furthermore you can nail into it. So why plaster? Another expense cut out.

One could elaborate the method indefinitely, pointing out how the search for economy affected the plan, so as to cut down plumbing expense; how the proper location of the heater room cut down expense in installing the heating system. As the project took more definite form, more and more ideas suggested themselves, out of the very logic of the situation. The final plans emerged. A house thirty feet square, with bedroom, kitchen, heater and service room, bath and large combina-

tion living and dining room (with a magnificent open fireplace) on the first floor and space for two more bedrooms and a bath on the "unfinished" second floor.

That is quite a lot of house, and it provides room for about as much expansion as the average American family will ever need. What would it cost? The original estimate was about \$2,500. And this, mind you, in the highest priced area in the country—the suburbs of metropolitan New York.

The plans were taken to a bank to get a mortgage, and then the fun began. What, no cellar! Unplastered walls! An ugly, box-like shape! A concrete floor . . . etc., etc. Nothing doing. No mortgage on *that* crazy thing!

Nothing daunted the family got to work. They built the house with their own labor, all except the plumbing and electrical work, which the law requires shall be done by licensed mechanics. They worked principally in spare time, and charged their labor at prevailing union scales. Finally the house was built, the young people married and moved in. And one bright day a bank officer came to them to offer them a mortgage on generous terms for more than the total cost of the whole building, including labor. And although the looks of the house may not suit every taste, I'll wager most young couples never dream they could afford to live in anything half as attractive.

The total cost was \$2,800, including all modern conveniences. A contractor's estimate came to about 10 percent more. The house has been in use two years and has not yet needed a single repair. It probably won't for some years to come. It is solid, insulated, easy to keep clean. Another \$500 will provide two more bedrooms and a simply equipped bath.

It seems to me that all this proves just one thing—the thing I said at the beginning—that the way to build a house is to build a house, but using all the brains and discarding all the predispositions one has. That sounds simple, and it is simple. But it also is very difficult, for it means working against all the inertia and fixed ideas accumulated over decades in the minds of bankers, architects, builders and people. Which is a handsomely large order.

The Lincoln Magna Carta

By WILLIAM GILLIGAN

THE LINCOLN MAGNA CARTA again exhibited in the British Pavilion at the World's Fair and during last winter temporarily placed in the Library of Congress, has been the subject of some confusion concerning its nature as a document, and its authenticity. Shortly after it was placed on exhibition in the spring of 1939, a reader of a New York newspaper, writing to the editor from Cambridge, Mass., contended that the

Lincoln Charter does not have a seal, that so far as the evidence shows it never had one, and suggested that the instrument on exhibition is nothing more than a copy of the original. Subsequently, when the Charter was deposited in the Library of Congress, a weekly news magazine of wide circulation attempted to present a simple picture by stating that "in the afternoon of June 15, 1215, King John, who could not write, set the royal seal four times to four copies of Magna Carta," of which the copy at the Fair was one. It is not strange, therefore, that visitors to the Fair, observing neither signature nor seal, wondered as to the evidence of its genuine nature.

Whether or not King John could write his name, it was not customary in thirteenth century England to authenticate documents by signatures. This was done rather by affixing to the instrument a seal of the person who wished to bind himself to the promises which the instrument contained.

In the case of royal charters, these seals were affixed by passing silk cords or parchment thongs through holes at the foot of the instrument, then bringing the two ends together and imbedding them in a lump of wax on which a design was impressed by squeezing the warm wax between two matrices, known as the seal and the counterseal. In thus affixing a seal, the foot of a charter was generally folded forward so that the part carrying the seal would consist of two thicknesses and thereby cause the seal more securely to be attached to the instrument.

Although the purpose of reducing a promise to writing is primarily evidentiary, it is not unusual to think of a writing as being the promise itself, and to assume that if the writing is destroyed the promise is no longer binding. Thus, when Henry I decided that he had made a mistake in granting the charter issued at the beginning of his reign in the year 1100, he is reported to have recovered, by various artifices, all except three of the original counterparts.

This fact was probably in the minds of the Barons at Runnymede in arranging for an unusually wide distribution of counterparts of the charter which they obtained from King John. A contemporary chronicler reported that charters were sent throughout the land "so that every county in all England shall have its charter in the same terms confirmed by the King's seal." The purpose obviously was to make each counterpart sufficient unto itself.

While it definitely appears that Magna Carta was prepared in a number of counterparts, no certain evidence has been found as to the number of facsimile charters that were issued bearing the King's seal.

John met the Barons at Runnymede on Monday, June 15, 1215, and affixed his seal to a memorandum setting forth the various items of their agreement. The Charter itself, however, does not appear actually to have been executed until the following Friday, June 19. It is probable that meanwhile the Charter was gotten into definitive form and sufficient copies prepared for sealing so as to provide the desired number of original counterparts. If human experience means anything, all of these

counterparts must have been completed at the same time, because with the Barons apparently insisting that the Charter be widely distributed to prevent repudiation, there is no likelihood that the Barons would have been satisfied to have one or two copies sealed on June 19 with an expectation that the others would come along in due course. The danger was too great of John's suffering a change of mind.

Whatever may have been the number of counterparts to which the King's seal was affixed at the time the Charter was granted, only four are now believed to be in existence. Two of these are in the British Museum, one is at Salisbury Cathedral and the fourth is at the World's Fair, having come from the archives of Lincoln Cathedral.

The more important of the two counterparts in the British Museum came from the archives of Dover Castle where it was found in the fifteenth century. It is supposed to have been the counterpart delivered to the Barons of the Cinque Ports. At one time, it bore the Great Seal of King John, but in 1731 the Charter was damaged by fire and the seal was reduced to a lump of wax. The other copy in the British Museum is in a good state of preservation and bears indications of having carried a seal, but no seal is now appendant. Like the charter that came from Dover Castle, it contains several interlineations, and is written in a hand without the flourishes characteristic of professional scriveners.

The counterpart in Salisbury Cathedral is in a good state of preservation and bears evidence of having carried a seal, but no seal is now affixed. Its history is somewhat obscure, but it probably is the counterpart delivered to William, Earl of Salisbury, who is referred to in the Charter itself as one of the nobles on whose advice it was granted.

The counterpart discovered among the archives of Lincoln Cathedral and now to be seen in the British Pavilion at the World's Fair is in an excellent state of preservation, contains no interlineations and appears to have been prepared by an experienced scrivener. The foot of the instrument is folded forward so as to produce a double thickness, and near the middle, where a seal ordinarily would have been affixed, are three holes arranged in the form of a triangle and of such shape as to suggest that they were made to accommodate a silk cord rather than a parchment thong for carrying a seal. The creases in the parchment are the same as would have been made for the purpose of accommodating an appendant seal. If the parchment had not originally carried a seal, there would have been no purpose in making a double thickness at the foot nor in piercing this double thickness with the holes necessary to support a seal. On the reverse side of the instrument appears in two places the words "Lincolnia" and a Latin inscription describing the instrument as an agreement between King John and his barons as to the concessions and liberties of the Church and the Realm of England. There are also marks which probably were used for purposes of indexing. These endorsements are authoritatively regarded as of thirteenth century origin. We may reasonably suppose that this

counterpart was the one delivered to Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, who is referred to in the introductory clause, and who was also one of the Bishops mentioned in the Red Book of the Exchequer as having been a witness to the execution of the Charter. While the royal seal is missing, the evidence is sufficient to support the generally accepted conclusion that the document is one of the original counterparts sealed by John at the time he granted the charter.

In 1819, the Record Commissioners appointed by the Crown regarded the Lincoln counterpart as deserving to be considered in a superior light to either of those preserved in the British Museum. Whether this conclusion was justified is a moot question among scholars. On the one hand, it is claimed that the interlineations appearing in the British Museum counterparts, together with the fact that the script does not possess the finished appearance of the Lincoln Charter, indicate that those in the British Museum were prepared, executed and delivered prior in time to the Lincoln or Salisbury Charters, which do not appear to have been prepared under the pressure that very likely existed during the interval between June 15 and July 19, 1215. On the other hand, the tempers of the Barons and King John were such that it is unlikely the Barons would have been willing to accept less than the total number of counterparts necessary for the wide distribution which the Barons required, and in order to produce the number of copies necessary for execution, it is probable some were prepared by experienced scriveners and others by scriveners of lesser experience, and the latter upon comparison were found to lack passages, omitted in the process of copying, which passages were supplied by interlineation in order to avoid rewriting. When it came to actual distribution, it would have been natural to deliver the more carefully prepared counterparts to the more important ecclesiastics and nobles named in the Charter and to have given the less carefully prepared copies to others.

When the Fair closed its gates last October, the Lincoln Charter was temporarily placed in the Library of Congress. There it was enshrined with the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, each representing a milestone of monolithic proportions along the road of English-speaking political development. With the 1940 reopening of the Fair, the Lincoln Charter again took its place in the British Pavilion, and if peace is not achieved before the Fair finally comes to an end, it may again repose in the Library of Congress.

After the war, the Charter will presumably be returned to Lincoln Cathedral where it lay for so many centuries. In contemplating the eternal fitness of things, one might wish that some plan could be devised by which the authorities of Lincoln Cathedral would allow the Charter to remain in the company of those other two great products of English political thought, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, or at least to allow it to remain displayed in the Library of Congress, if the plan sometimes discussed of placing the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution in the Hall of Archives in Washington should ever be consummated.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THAT Mr. Wendell Willkie's challenge in his Elwood acceptance speech to President Roosevelt to engage during the next two and a half months in joint debate throughout the country should have aroused his immense audience on the spot to the one really notable demonstration of approval elicited by his otherwise vague and ambiguous remarks was not at all surprising.

Opposition to President Roosevelt, to him personally, for all sorts of reasons ranging from the obviously reasonable and logical to the most fantastical and silly seems to be the strongest bond of unity of the complex groups who have rallied to the banner of Mr. Willkie. In Mr. Willkie, it would appear, these diverse groups believe, or at least fervently hope, that they possess a champion who can and who will easily conquer Franklin D. Roosevelt in debate, if the latter dares to meet him face to face, voice to voice, microphone to microphone, photographic pose to photographic pose—to omit, for the present at least, in estimating the forces of publicity, such other items of a political debate as the principles and facts involved in the coming presidential election. Well, it may be so; perhaps Mr. Willkie is the paragon of all political and statesman-like virtues and powers which his press supporters depict him as being; we were told that his acceptance speech would prove what these supporters had been hymning so devotedly, but now we are told that formal speeches are really not his best weapons; they cramp his highly individualistic style; the give-and-take of free debate is where he shines; so bring on President Roosevelt, they assert, put him on the debating platform with no ghost-writers or brain-trusters permitted to assist or intervene, and the debunking of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his complete out-pointing and finally his political and intellectual knockout will be assured.

Well, it might be so. Perhaps, perchance and maybe so. For those who really know Mr. Willkie, who have listened to him not as he wandered and rambled all over the lot at Elwood in his formal speech, but as his intellect sparked and wove its course triumphantly in spontaneous discourse "off the record," may be right. Who knows? Well, certainly not the American public. Unfortunately (or rather most fortunately) at least the thoughtful members of the vast American body of voters must go by what's on the record in forming their political judgments; and certainly many of them must be sorely puzzled as they study the record of the Willkie acceptance speech and attempt to reconcile what it says and reveals with the image of Mr. Willkie placed before them by his press and radio champions.

Where is the candid, forthright, frank, clear, non-political leader the public has been led to expect had appeared in Mr. Willkie? It was confidently asserted, for example, that he would make his position—which of course would have great, perhaps decisive effect—on the conscription issue unmistakable; for or against. Yet what has

happened? Senators Taft and Wheeler, leaders among the isolationists and opponents of the Burke-Wadsworth bill, are loudly proclaiming their satisfaction with Mr. Willkie's statement on this point; while supporters of conscription are claiming, but forced to put up a somewhat casuistical argument to support them in claiming, that Mr. Willkie put himself on record in favor of conscription. For Mr. Willkie merely said he was in favor of "some form of selective service." Well, the upholders of conscription use the phrase "selective service" to describe conscription; and the opponents of conscription who uphold the reliability of voluntary enlistment in peace time, under all circumstances, consider that "selective service" can be properly described as voluntary enlistment. In attacking the New Deal, as Mr. Norman Thomas has somewhat caustically yet truthfully pointed out, Mr. Willkie singled out the most important New Deal measures for praise, or at least for preservation, while condemning the New Deal as the national road to destruction.

Well, we must wait for Mr. Willkie's later, more detailed speeches for enlightenment on how he proposes to emerge from the ambiguous fog of his acceptance speech and to deal with realities in a realistic way. It is quite true that a Presidential candidate's acceptance speech cannot possibly do more than deal in general principles, so far as the bulk of his projected program of political action is concerned.

From now until November Mr. Wendell Willkie is completely free from all other duties or preoccupations or responsibilities save those that attach to his candidacy. But the President's candidacy is subordinate to his imperative duties in actual office, not in prospect of office. To demand that he should turn aside from his primary duties in such times of emergency as we are now facing and devote the bulk of his time and thought and energy to touring the country debating with Mr. Willkie is a preposterous suggestion, worthy of the applause of the mob, but deserving nothing but censure from those of either great political group who heed their reason rather than their emotions in forming opinions.

But what is there left to say about Mr. Willkie's personal attack upon President Roosevelt, in the light of his own declaration that he proposed to fight his campaign solely on the basis of high principles of national policy and interests, and "not on the basis of hate, jealousy or personalities"? I am referring to Mr. Willkie's charges, quite unsupported by him in his Elwood speech through the bringing forward of any evidence whatsoever save his own opinion, that President Roosevelt "has dabbled in inflammatory statements and manufactured panics," and Mr. Willkie placed himself among those who "have wondered if he is deliberately inciting us to war."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Willkie will devote his next speech in full to this gravest of all accusations that might be directed against the President of the United States. It is no wonder that the nazi propaganda machine in Berlin should have seized upon these insinuations and charges of Mr. Willkie against the President for its own purposes. Mr. Willkie cannot help that, of course. The nazi propaganda machine can twist the Sermon on the Mount into the service of its gospel of racial superiority, if it so desires.

Mr. Willkie's own defiance of Hitler and Hitlerism is even more uncompromising than anything ever attributed, rightly or wrongly, to Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Willkie is prepared, he told the world and Hitler at Elwood, "to outdistance Hitler in any contest he chooses in 1940 or later." But if Hitler chose other weapons than radio speeches for a contest with the United States in 1940, how, we wonder, does Mr. Willkie propose to "outdistance" him? What is an "inflammatory statement," Mr. Willkie? Apparently it is anything Mr. Roosevelt says, but not what Mr. Willkie says.

Communications

APPRENTICES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: You have rendered good service in your treatment of the apprentice question in American labor.

In your July 19 issue, Harry Lorin Binsse writes: "We know for example, that much of the brilliant brick-work in the garden walls and buildings of the University of Virginia was executed by Negro masons." Unfortunately, the trade union officials of St. Louis—a city with a very large Negro population—not only refuse to admit Negro workers into the unions but bar those who have entered the ranks of organized labor elsewhere. I know of several recent cases of Negro exclusion by St. Louis building trades officials.

This is not a problem that can be called strictly Southern. It is in the North that we find the greatest exclusion of Negro building trades workers. Negro workers with rare exceptions are still the back-bone of Southern construction work. It remained to Fisk University—a Negro college and my own!—to put up a library some years back with a policy of racial discrimination against Negro artisans. I do not think this will happen again. At a recent meeting of the Fisk Trustees, a Negro contractor who had fought against the exclusion of Negro workers was added to the board.

With printers the situation is more complicated. There are few Negroes in the various unions of the printers. Years ago there were many more. As early as 1869, however, color was a labor problem with the printers, and remains so to this very day. There are favorable changes, however. The North American Printing Pressmen and Assistants Union (according to a despatch released last month by the Associated Negro Press) admitted 20 Negro mechanics in Atlanta, Georgia. However, because the Negro printers are almost all in "job" work, their experience is limited, claims the union. For that reason, the Negro mechanics are classed as "assistants." Their charter is of the "Federal" class, however; the Negro printers have no local union affiliations.

Now and then unions have made mild attempts to organize the Negro weekly newspapers. In recent years, however, this activity has been carried on by pseudo-laborites (mainly communist cliques in the Newspaper Guild), folk who have talked blandly of uniting Negro pressmen and reporters in the same union.

August 30, 1940

THE COMMONWEAL

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It is well to emphasize in America that Negroes are 10 percent of the population as a whole, and at least half of the labor reserve of the great South. No industrial expansion of America can ignore the Negro worker.

GEORGE STREATON.

WASHINGTON NEWS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: Congratulations on your editorial, "The NLRB is Right" (August 16). But in order to understand the issues involved, your readers ought to know the story behind the news.

Dirty politics make strange bedfellows, as you know. The Nazi-Soviet pact abroad has its interesting counterpart here in Washington, where an alliance of reactionaries, like Representative Howard Smith, have been quietly joined by Communists, headed up by Lee Pressman, who appears to be the CP's No. 1 man in the CIO and brother-in-law of Nathan Witt, Board Secretary and fellow-traveler, in an attack on David J. Saposs, chief of the Division of Technical Service (until recently, the Division of Economic Research) of the NLRB.

Saposs is being attacked by the comrades as a "Red," of all things! Fellow-travelers, like Board member Ed Smith, who always follows the party line religiously, and Nathan Witt, who well fills the part of the CP's strategist in the Board, and their followers in and outside the Board have continued to look on, while the vicious attacks have been made on Saposs, with an "innocence" and poisonous indifference that reveal their Machiavellian maneuvers. It is clear that this smear-campaign, and the accompanying conspiracy of silence, was whipped up on orders from Communist headquarters on Thirteenth Street for at least two purposes: First, the Commies want to use Saposs as the target or shield to deflect the current attacks on the CP and its camp-followers in the Board and other government agencies. Secondly, the CP wants to oust Saposs from the Board, as he has been bucking their maneuvers to use the jobs in the Board for their patronage machine and has opposed Communism and Communists long before the current hunting season. Naturally, as some sacrificial goat seems necessary, they have chosen to plaster Saposs with the Communist label and thus accomplish their two purposes with one blow.

Last spring the CIO sent a lobbying army to Washington to buttonhole members of Congress for the purpose of fighting the amendments to the Labor Act and cuts in appropriations, which received orders not to defend Saposs or the appropriations of his Division. It takes no special keenness to trace this stab in the back to Pressman. The dirty business went so far that the poison squad were able, by their poison gas, to mislead the able and well-intentioned minority members of the Smith Committee, Congressmen Murdock and Healey, so that they all but recommend Saposs's dismissal in their otherwise laudable minority report. The result was that the appropriation that came out of the appropriations committee made absolutely no provision for Saposs's division. It is no secret that only after a hard fight within the Board, with Smith on one side, Leiserson on the other and Mad-

den in the center, was some financial provision made for the division. Madden's term of office is up at the end of this month and it is common knowledge that he will not be reappointed. The CP realizes that this appointment will determine whether they control the Board or whether Edward Smith will be outvoted by a pro-Leiserson appointment, so that wires are being tugged on all sides by the Comrades to win control of this plum.

When Congress went into recess in June, there was a lull in the fight on Saposs and his division. But, with suspicious suddenness, the House Committee on Appropriations broke the calm on August 1 and attacked the NLRB for defying what it claimed to be the intent of Congress to eliminate Saposs's division of economic research. The Board had changed the name to Division of Technical Service, because of objections to the term "economic research," and Chairman Tarver of the appropriations committee charged that this was an attempt to evade the instructions of Congress. The hearings of this committee reveal that the major intent behind its work is to get rid of Saposs, on the grounds that he is a Communist. Men like William Green, David Dubinsky, R. G. Thomas of the Auto Workers and Philip Murray of the Steel Workers have come to the defense of the Division and of Saposs. But the poison gas of the Right and of the Left has been so efficacious that anti-Communists like Tarver have been taken in by it and are letting themselves be used to hurt anti-Communists like Saposs, instead of the *bona fide* Communist Trojan horses and fifth columnists in the Board and elsewhere.

There is a conspiracy on the part of an unholy alliance to frame Saposs as a "Red." Additional evidence of this is found in the fact that Edmund M. Toland, until recently chief counsel for the Smith Committee (he left to aid the Willkie campaign) and a notorious labor-baiter, has conspicuously joined hands under the table with the CP in his attacks on Saposs before that committee. It has become an open secret that the Dies Committee offered its cooperation to Toland in disclosing the CP commissars and fellow-travelers in the Labor Board, when he started the investigations of the Smith Committee—but Toland refused the offer, revealing himself as having traveled the road from labor-baiter to Communist stooge.

The issue here goes beyond Saposs, the Board and a few CP commissars. What is obviously involved is the Communist conspiracy to worm a way into our government agencies; to eliminate those liberals, or social democrats, like Saposs, who know CP maneuvers and who can point them out; and to join hands with reactionary forces, whether it be Toland, Howard Smith or Hitler, in eliminating the effective opponents of their machinations and all obstacles to their goals. At a time when the nation is attempting to marshall all energy to the defense program, particularly the attack on the problem of fifth columnists and Trojan horses, it is necessary that liberals and middle-of-the-roaders make sure that the real culprits are caught and that innocent liberals and socially conscious persons like Saposs are not victimized by mistake, while the real culprits go scot free to continue their destructive operations.

WASHINGTON OBSERVER.

The Stage & Screen

The Royal Family

THIS is surely the day of the littérateur in the theatre; though oddly enough not in writing, but in acting. First we have had Mr. Alexander Woolcott, the Town Crier. Mr. Woolcott is a personality—off the stage. On it he is singularly inept, with no sense either of how to move or how to speak lines. But Mr. Woolcott, being Mr. Woolcott, is able to attract audiences, and so he has been allowed to act. Then there has been Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Mr. Lewis has been running about the summer theatres acting in "Ah, Wilderness" and in "Shadow and Substance." I have not had the joy of seeing Mr. Lewis disport himself, but those who have have not been impressed, except by the fact that at fifty he has become suddenly stagestruck. And now there is Miss Edna Ferber. I saw Miss Ferber last week in Maplewood, and I saw her act in a play of which she was co-author, "The Royal Family." She played the part of the grandmother, the part so superbly played originally by Haidee Wright. Why Miss Ferber undertook to play the part, God only knows. In an amateur performance she would have been applauded, for she played it in the grand manner, and the grand manner as expressed by the amateur is always applauded—by the amateur's friends. But one thing Miss Ferber did do—she showed how excellent professional actors are, even though she managed to hold them back by the slowness of her pace. Especially good was Louis Calhern in the part inspired by John Barrymore. Mr. Calhern had dash, was properly humorous and devil-may-care and looked the character. Miss Irene Purcell, though too light for the part of Julie Cavendish, gave within her limitations a charming performance, and Catherine Givney as Kitty Dean, Maida Reade as the Maid and Franklyn Fox as Herbert Dean were acceptable. I was not as enthusiastic as some others over the Gwen of Sylvia Weld, as she never gave me the impression of a successful budding actress, but at least she knew her business.

As an actress though, Miss Ferber is an excellent playwright. The comedy which she constructed with the help of George S. Kaufman is as delightful as it always was, and the recent antics of John Barrymore have only added point to it. The Royal Family is the family of the Barrymores, and their story, a good deal modified and in some characters much changed, is the story of a fascinating madhouse. It was written by two people enamored of the theatre rather than of the drama. It portrays the glamor and the humor of the theatrical temperament and gives to its spectators the fascination for the stage that was felt by the authors. It is indeed a far better play than Mr. Kaufman's later "Stage-Door," or "The Fabulous Invalid." It possesses even a certain literary quality, as well as extraordinary gaiety. So we can at least again congratulate Miss Ferber for having helped write it. Perhaps too, if she hadn't acted in it, it wouldn't have been given this summer so near New York, or at least wouldn't

have had so large an audience. But I personally look forward with greater interest to Miss Ferber's next play than to her next acting part. (*At the Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, New Jersey.*)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Hitch Bites Dog

"*FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT*" is a sort of Richard Harding Davis story brought up to date by Director Alfred Hitchcock's focusing his superb technique on a journalist who fights his way through the maze of European intrigue in the summer of '39. "What Europe needs," says the editor of the *New York Morning Globe*, "is a fresh, unused mind." So the paper sends crime reporter Joel McCrea to London to cover the peace conferences that are working overtime in the shadow of approaching war. The chase is on and Joel is that indomitable American reporter who will get his scoop—if it's the last thing that happens in Europe. In London Van Meer disappears. (You never really know the nationality of some of these diplomats, spies, plotters; but that vagueness adds to the charm and horror of the Hitchcock method. You do know that the rôles are excellently portrayed by Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Eduardo Ciannelli, Eddie Conrad.) In Holland Van Meer reappears, is assassinated, reappears again. Faster, faster runs Joel to get his story. Deterrents pop up in the shape of: a love affair with Laraine Day, men who try to kill him because he knows too much, the wreck of the Clipper, the captain who insists on neutrality—but the news goes through. *Extra! Extra!*

Alfred Hitchcock has directed this tale of a newsy-nosey foreign correspondent in his usual brilliant style with a dash of Hollywood—a blending that is not too unhappy. The famous Hitch touches are all there: the terrific suspense when the reporter crawls around the deserted windmill which continues to grind relentlessly while the plotters plot their dirty work; the mysterious disappearance of cars and men; the anticipation of delayed violence that leaves you limp while you breathlessly wait for sinister Edmund Gwenn to shove Joel from the tower of Westminster Cathedral; the exasperating situation when no one believes Joel's strange but true experiences; the underplaying on the part of the man who turns out to be the real villain of the piece; the sweet, coy smile of the Latvian diplomat who speaks no English; the slow, seemingly dull build-up followed by crashing speed and excitement; the beautiful photography within the mill; that marvelous scene of the opened umbrellas that aid the assassin's escape; that terrifying scene in which Van Meer is being tortured under the glare of spotlights. However, Hollywood has its finger in this pie, too. Walter Wanger has given the picture a fine production. Charles Bennett's and Joan Harrison's screen play, which includes more love interest than Hitchcock is used to, inclines to wobbling at times, but it has been peped up by glitteringly witty dialogue by Robert Benchley and James Hilton. Some of the best lines are pulled off by Benchley, whose performance as the not-too-newspaper correspondent is priceless, and by George Sanders as an English reporter. I don't know who should be blamed

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for those ridiculous sequences of the Clipper wreck; they're just too melodramatic and Roverboysatsea for such an excellent picture. But the finale is first-rate showmanship; when a bomb-spattering air-raid interrupts Joel's broadcast from London to America, Joel continues his talk during the blackout, warns "It is too late to do anything here now. But keep the lights burning in America," and the music crashes into our national anthem.

Adventure and several shades of patriotism also abound in Hal Roach's "*Captain Caution*." Not having read the Kenneth Roberts novel on which it is supposedly based, I can hardly say how closely the film follows the book, but it isn't likely that Roberts will be any too pleased with the result. Richard Wallace has directed Grover Jones's screenplay as if it were something tossed off by Gilbert and Sullivan in an odd moment. The pointless plot stops every now and then when someone breaks into song. However these songs, which include no redeeming choruses about the policeman's lot or the Ruler of the Queen's Navee, don't hurt the story too much because it is already so mixed up with ship scenes, prison scenes, battle scenes (between Americans and British in 1812) that it is impossible to keep their sequence straight. It all concerns petulant Louise Platt who calls conservative Victor Mature "*Caption Caution*" because he isn't sweep-ing in his love making, Bruce Cabot a villainous ex-slaver, Leo Carrillo a pseudo-funny French-Canadian who calls all women rabbits, Vivienne Osborne, his vivacious flirting wife and a whole brace of musical comedy char-acters all done up in picturesque 1812 costumes. The script, which is probably the year's worst, gives Louise a chance to swing into real action when she captains the ship after her father's death, and Victor a chance in fight after fight to expose his manly chest (which was pretty much in evidence earlier this year in "*One Million B.C.*") and a chance to spout such awful lines as "There'll always be war, but a man finds his true love only once."

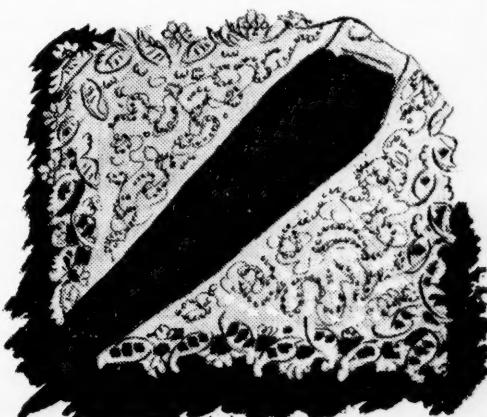
If "*One Crowded Night*" is on the other half of your bill, don't give it the go-by because of its obvious B-ness. There have been many worse B's. Gathering a group of characters whose past fortunes are more or less related and whose present becomes even more complicated by their being together in one place is an old device. It probably dates much farther back than Boccaccio; and it has been used successfully in modern times: "*Seven Keys to Baldpate*," "*Grand Hotel*," "*Stagecoach*." "*One Crowded Night*," produced by Cliff Reid and directed by Irving Reis without stars, fuss and glamor, strains coincidence to the utmost. But its setting, a desert cabin-camp, and its odd assortment of characters, Ma and Pa who own the place, their daughter who is hiding because her husband is a convict, the convict who just escaped, the disgruntled counter girl, her boy-friend the gasoline station attendant, a maid with a shady past, her truck-driver friend, a young woman who gives birth to a baby, a sailor A. W. O. L. from the Navy, a journeyman, a couple of detectives, gangsters and miscellaneous travelers—all manage to keep you interested as they unfold the story and reveal how exciting one night in a tourist camp can be.

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Books of the Week

Love

Love in the Western World., Denis de Rougemont. Translated by Montgomery Belgion. Harcourt. \$3.00.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE are, if one accepts De Rougemont's reasoning, symbols of a philosophy of love and passion which during the twelfth century rose to challenge the Christian view. Their romance was never lucid, any more than is that of Spenser's Una; but for this very reason, no doubt, it survives as a haunting expression of heretical attitudes toward love which have continuously challenged the teaching of the *Mater Ecclesia*. I have no way of outlining here the author's theory that behind the Tristan myth, as indeed behind all of Troubadour song, there lurked the secret doctrine of the Cathari, who believed alike in love and its renunciation because they believed in death. It is a beguiling hypothesis, and M. de Rougemont has sharpened all his pegs to make them fit, however tightly, into the orifices which historical verity affords. If I am not convinced (and I am not), there is still reason to believe that another reader may be persuaded. It merely seems to me that turning the whole of Provençal song into the secular liturgy of a most sinister heresy is too great a feat of literary legerdemain. This historian tends to be wary of explanations of this all-embracing character, and yawns when told that Romanticism sprung from the loins of the Illuminati or the French Revolution from the bosom of the Free Masons. I should not so strongly object if M. de Rougemont had traced most of the forms of "passion" in the Western World to Neo-Platonism. For this philosophy of the enthusiastic and headlong faith was forever eluding the grasp of Christian thought and reappearing in alien disguises. And I should then likewise say that "passion" has upon occasion been Christian as well as anti-Christian, and that marriage is not merely a decision to take a sacrament but also a desire for that sacrament in which again grace builds on nature. And even if our author were right about the twelfth century, one should still have to question his analysis of what has happened since. It is odd that he should have detected Catharism in Milton's really innocuous *Penseroso* and skipped entirely George Chapman's "School of Night"; and it is odder still that he did not devote what might have been an engrossing chapter to Pascal.

However these things may be, the moral thesis of the book is important and arresting. Briefly stated it is this—that the quest of passion involves of necessity the negation of love by reason of an inherent narcissism, which is the seeking of experience through transport; and that the quest of Christian marriage must mean, on the other hand, a decision to accept reality and therewith another person, the development of whom will be the complement of the development of one's self. The word "decision" as used here has a faintly Barthian undertone (M. de Rougemont is a Barthian Protestant), but a Catholic might employ it aptly if he adapted it reverently to his own tradition. Then he would aver that in matrimony there is always *ein Stück Erde*, as the Germans say, but that there is also something else, which is the gray of which virginity, religiously accepted, is the white. At any rate our author is challenging and right on the main point. Neither marriage nor happiness is possible when there is no conscious

and permanent acceptance of one person by another, but only a gamble, only a trying on of sexual material in the hope of eventually finding a suitable fit. This book is therewith a worthy essay in fundamental Christian moral apologetic. I should think it might well stir many and convince at least a few. For the thing at stake, as the author rightly observes in trenchant final chapters, is nothing less than the whole of civilization. Even Hitler is, above all, a man with views on the subject of woman and marriage. I may add that M. de Rougemont is an extraordinarily able writer. His pages have spice as well as meat. Once again a book about love proves interesting.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

BIOGRAPHY

Country Editor. Henry Beetle Hough. Doubleday. \$3.00.

ON THE FACE of it, this is a book which stands a good chance of being bought by a lot of people. It is attractively written, with enough wit and ease to hold any reader's attention, and it deals with matter perennially interesting: how a man and his wife carved out of life the measure of success they truly desired. And it fits into that pattern of rediscovery of America which has so strongly appealed to Americans these last few years. Nor is there a word or sentiment in it calculated to disturb the susceptibilities of anyone.

All that may seem like damning with faint praise; it is not so intended, for I liked the book tremendously. Mr. and Mrs. Hough got fed up with the city, and with the prospect of being very small frogs all their lives in a very big puddle. Running a small town newspaper seemed an attractive idea—as it has seemed to many another—and a relatively small sum bought the Edgartown *Gazette*, principal paper of the principal town of Martha's Vineyard, County of Duke's County, Massachusetts. "Country Editor" is the story of what the Houghs did to the paper and what the paper has done for them, which is, all in all, quite a lot. It has provided them with plenty of hard work, plenty of entertainment and a livelihood which does not sound too meager.

Naturally the substance of such a book lies in its character sketches, in its delineation of all the human persons who go to make up the social unit of a small town, and it is in this that the writing excels. Mr. Sampson, the former proprietor and editor who kept on working after he had sold the paper; Mrs. Carrington, "mellifluous" correspondent; Hazel Willington Banks, literary hermit and philosopher; Norman Strowd, murderer. These and many more give substance to the story, and his lively treatment of them shows that Mr. Hough did not miss his vocation in going into country editing.

Then much that he says about the nature of small business is good and worth pondering, especially by apostles of bigness. "It would not have helped us," he writes, "if we had desired to take the advice of some sound business man, because he would have said we were crazy to stay in the country at all. Perhaps it did look rather as if it were impossible to publish the *Gazette* under the circumstances, and today we have difficulty in explaining just how things go. I think this is because the factor of business, as it is usually understood, is incidental. Country newspaper work is a profession." And the moral is that if you render good services as a professional practitioner, somehow those services will be required, even though not in the strict dollars-and-cents fashion to which capitalism and industrial life have habituated us. We all know the

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country doctor with thousands owed him in unpaid bills. Yet somehow he manages without too much trouble and his family never starves.

Nor is Mr. Hough lacking in a certain tact which is so delicate it is almost philosophy. He has a poignant respect for people—all people—and for life itself. "There is a great deal that one cannot print in any newspaper, even in a country paper. Not the big things, not the things one might be accused of suppressing for gain or through fear, but the little, unceasing, significant things. Life itself is inexpressibly precious with its naturalness, its free play of impulses, ideas, plans, dreams, and there is a line beyond which an honest reporter cannot go. For life to read these things about itself would be to spoil them, to make them feel given away and cheap. For this reason a great deal that is most precious must go on, day by day, unchronicled; but here in the country one is aware of it and is rewarded for living and for seeing." The author's constant illustration of the goodness and friendliness which is perhaps commoner outside big cities is certainly a good antidote to our prevailing lack of confidence in each other.

There is a sort of toughness to me false which sees escapism in any turning of the back on the city or on the atomized, urbanized, industrialized life we all wish could be broken up. Of course it is escapist for the city dweller and worker to talk longingly about rural life when the very prospect of dirty hands or bedding down the beasties would terrify him. But if a man goes to the country—even to Martha's Vineyard, which to an extent owes its very existence to the city folk who spend vacations there—and makes an honest living for twenty years, that does not seem escapism to me so much as common sense and even more—an attempt to pay back to the country the more fundamental debt the city owes it. For in the last analysis it is the country, which feeds the city with men and victuals, that is the really essential element. Without it cities could not exist at all.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Across the Busy Years. Volume II. Nicholas Murray Butler. Scribner. \$3.75.

THE VOLUME which brings the genial, well-traveled Columbia President's life story up to date covers the past 45 years. It is filled to the brim with famous statesmen and other noted personages. It gives a rather detailed and sympathetic picture of the Kaiser, who later became the subject of so much American vilification. The pages on William II, in fact, provide the only intimate portrait in a book that is on the surface most of the way.

Dr. Butler has played no insignificant part in American politics and international life during the past 40 years—not to mention the field of education. He believes that many of his suggestions to leaders here and abroad have become accomplished facts and he undoubtedly moved in the highest circles. Therefore his memoirs tell all too plainly why the noble aspirations of highminded internationalists produced so little and finally came a cropper with Adolf Hitler. There are reams of talk about building up international understanding and world organization and about outlawing war, but the only concrete suggestion made to rectify the poverty and injustice partially responsible for the dictatorships was the transfer of Portuguese colonies. Is it any wonder Germans, Italians, Japanese, etc., doubted French, British and American sincerity? Then as now true peace can come only through self-sacrifice.

E. S. S.

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CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Belgian Rural Cooperation. Eva J. Ross. Bruce. \$4.50.

ASTEADY FLOW of literature has made us conscious of the social reformation taking place in Nova Scotia. We know of the transformation brought about in Sweden and Denmark through the use of cooperatives. But we have hardly had an indication of an equally striking movement in Belgium. The fact that the extensive bibliography of Miss Ross's study scarcely contains an English title is evidence of the paucity of the information.

Belgian farmers were on the verge of complete collapse fifty years ago. One-half of the income from their soil was needed in 1890 to pay the interest charges on their debts! They were socially backward in like proportion, and were rendered more helpless by an individualistic spirit which spiked any attempt at reform. After presenting the picture of this crisis, Miss Ross carefully traces the rise, growth and influence of the six major societies devoted to assisting the Belgian peasants. Miss Ross writes conservatively of the achievement, yet one cannot but be impressed by her record of the changed spirit of the people and their economic and social advances.

The title of the book may be misleading, for the Belgian organizations are not true cooperatives. They are Catholic rather than neutral societies. They were established to protect and advance religious spirit and family life as well as economic well-being. They rely more on paternalism and less on self-help than the usual cooperative. Their chief feature has been the guild rather than the cooperative, and it is in the rebuilding of the guild system that the significance of the movement lies. This fact ought to bring a slight blush to the faces of our social reformers. We have concentrated on ideas for the establishment of vocational groups in industry. In time, we said, the guild idea will spread to cover agriculture as well (though pictures as to what kind of structure it would be were extremely vague). Yet, it would seem, while we have been trying to remedy industry, the Catholic leaders of Belgium with the good will of their people have established a genuine agricultural guild. The Belgian *Boerenbond* is undoubtedly the best modern equivalent of the medieval guild. The fact that nazism will engulf the organization does not alter the achievement.

Obviously there are important differences between agriculture in Belgium and in the United States, and this book cannot give a direct answer to our problems. It does, however, prove that agricultural difficulties more severe than our own can be conquered and that farmers can be coordinated into a vital society. Consequently Miss Ross's survey is of more than historical interest. Sociologists will do well to study it in detail. It will have special appeal for those interested in cooperatives and in guilds.

EMERSON HYNES.

HISTORY

The Jesuits in Focus. James J. Daly, S.J. Bruce. \$2.25.

ON SEPTEMBER 27 of this year the Society of Jesus will celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of its foundation, which it dates from the Bull of Approbation of Pope Paul III and not from the famous gathering of Saint Ignatius and his companions at Montmartre in August, 1534. In times less troubled than ours this great anniversary would have been celebrated in an elaborate manner by the entire Church. The war has made a common observance impossible and instead the anniversary will be commemorated by the different Prov-

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ances of the Society as local circumstances permit. As part of the American celebration and to mark his own jubilee, Father James J. Daly, the "Cheerful Ascetic," has written a study "intended to give an honest and faithful representation of the Jesuits by one who is so fortunate as to have lived for fifty years in the Society of Jesus."

Because so much nonsense has been written about the Jesuits and there are so many misconceptions of them even today, anyone wishing to tell us what they are must give much space to telling us what they are not. Father Daly has met that problem by beginning with a clear account of the principal factors in the moulding of a Jesuit, the Constitutions of the Society, the Spiritual Exercises, and Ignatian Spirituality, and then giving a series of short sketches, each of which throws light on some aspect of Jesuit life or answers some objection. In this way he has been able to put a great deal into a short book in which an open-minded reader will find an excellent account of what a Jesuit is and wishes to be.

It is relatively easy to answer criticisms from openly hostile camps, but criticisms from friends and allies in staunchly Catholic circles are a different matter. The Jesuits have suffered much from the indiscreet zeal of some of their friends, and must often have invoked the special grace to suffer fools gladly. The candor, urbanity and modesty with which Father Daly handles such topics as the Jesuits and other orders; the ex-Jesuit, friendly or hostile; the Jesuit Brothers; eminence in the Society; and Individualism and the Rule should disarm, if that be possible, even the semi-professional critics of "the Society." The sympathetic study of Father Prout recalls a delightful personality from unmerited oblivion.

Only one of the many critics with whom he deals seems to have annoyed the author, and that one, strangely enough, is the late Abbé Henri Brémont, to whom a tenth of the book is devoted. Brémont's offense consists in his having criticized the Spiritual Exercises, and for this he receives a drubbing which even the rabid anti-Jesuit escapes. Readers familiar with his life and works will be surprised indeed to learn that his great "History of Religious Sentiment" is not really a history but a series of essays; that, like Lord Macaulay, he simply had to be brilliant, deserving all the implications of that particular comparison; that he lacked Newman's strong grasp of truth and seriousness of purpose; that he wrote about the religious experiences of himself and others for literary effect; and that this rare scholar, whose virtuous life and brilliant, subtle, and penetrating intellect made him an ornament to the French clergy, "seemed" to hold obviously unsound and bizarre views on the spiritual life. There is in all of this a touch of the Indian giving to which Father Daly devotes a very amusing chapter. Clearly, an ascetic who ceases to be quite cheerful can be a formidable opponent.

It is natural to wonder what aspect of their history gives the Jesuits the greatest pleasure as they look back on the splendid and stormy centuries now closing. Surely the answer is the ever-growing number of their canonized and beatified members. A complete list of them would be a worth-while addition to future editions of Father Daly's valuable little book. They are the most convincing proof of the fidelity with which the Society has fulfilled the purpose of its foundation—"to glorify the name of Jesus by its learning, by its zeal, and above all by its holiness."

FLORENCE D. COHALAN.

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The Inner Forum

THE BUREAU of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in Washington has just issued a report of remittances to foreign countries made through institutions in the United States during the twenty-one year period from 1919 to 1939. Catholic institutions have sent abroad a remarkably and surprisingly small proportion of the whole—7 percent. Out of a total of more than one and one-fourth billions, Protestant contributions account for \$600,000,000, or almost half. Non-sectarian organizations provided \$431,000,000, Jewish, \$149,000,000. Catholic institutions sent abroad \$90,000,000.

"Catholic remittances to foreign countries were apparently at their peak period since the world war in 1926. The estimate for that year, approximately \$7,000,000, was almost five times as large as in 1935, when they aggregated less than \$1,500,000. [In 1939] remittances abroad by Catholic organizations were placed at \$2,400,000, or 60 percent above the 1935 level but only a third of the amount sent abroad in 1926. . . .

"The bulk of the Protestant remittances—70 percent on the average—go to Asiatic countries. . . . Remittances through Jewish organizations to foreign countries are devoted mainly to the relief, rehabilitation and resettlement of Jews in Europe and the Near East. . . . About two-thirds of the Catholic contributions are sent to Europe. Virtually all of the remainder goes to Asia, notably China. . . ."

In 1939, over half of the contributions transferred abroad went to Asia; 32 percent to Europe; 8 percent to Latin America, and the rest to Africa and scattered.

With these startlingly low Catholic figures before our eyes, the present job of American Catholic institutions to make up in some part for the rest of the world now at war appears even more desperate than everybody knew it must be. French, Belgian and Dutch Catholics are now, with their German coreligionists, no longer able to send out the funds required by their vast missionary enterprises. These were the countries which were doing the greater part of the Church's foreign mission work.

This month Archbishop Spellman has called upon New York Catholics once more to help in war relief for Europe. He points out, incidentally, that much money for the non-sectarian and other institutions has been contributed by Catholics. . . . "But now the devastation is so vast, the need so great and general, that we must group all countries in one more appeal. . . . I propose to distribute this fund through the Holy Father, who knows and feels and suffers for all."

CONTRIBUTORS

Theodore MAYNARD is a critic, poet, lecturer and author. His biography of Queen Elizabeth is to be published shortly.

William GILLIGAN is a New York attorney who has devoted much time to the documentation of Magna Carta.

George N. SHUSTER, former manager editor of THE COMMONWEAL, is president of Hunter College, New York.

Emerson HYNES is a Catholic publicist particularly interested in rural and cooperative matters who teaches at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.

Rev. Florence D. COHALAN is stationed on Staten Island, N. Y.